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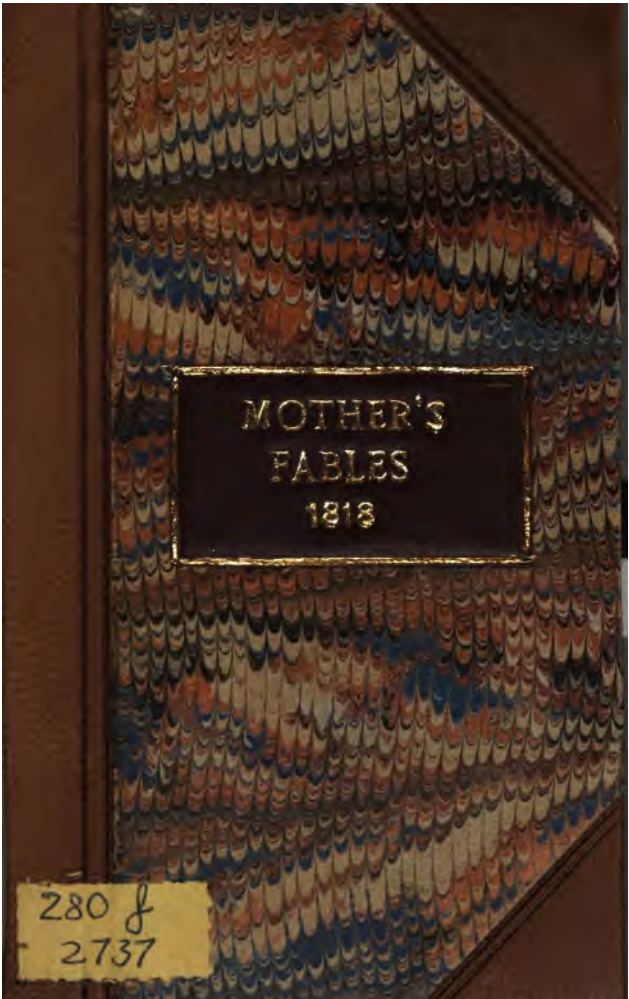
MOTHER'S
FABLES
1818
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[TAYLOR]

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THE

MOTHER'S FABLES,

IN VERSE.

DESIGNED,

THROUGH THE MEDIUM OF AMUSEMEN

TO CONVEY TO

THE MINDS OF CHILDREN

SOME USEFUL PRECEPTS OF VIRTUE ANI BENEVOLENCE.

"Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brook
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

London:

PRINTED FOR DARTON, HARVEY, AND DARTON,
GRACECHURCH-STREET.

1818.

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18 DEC 1972
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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE difficulty of bringing home to the unde standings of children the moral of a fable, mu have been observed by all who have attended the impression which such compositions usual make on young minds. It is obvious, that the attention and curiosity end with the fable; ar the application which follows is irksome them; its intention, therefore, is lost.

The plan of the author, in the following litt volume, is, so to prepare the young reader, th he may, without difficulty, apply the fables hir self; for which purpose, each of them is preced by an introduction, explaining the occasion which it was delivered, and pointing out t fault intended to be exposed and correct

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THE

MOTHER'S FABLES.

1.

THE MIMIC.

MAMMA, I lisp like Lucy Price;—
O! I can take her off so nice:
And nurse, who speaks so odd, you know,
You'd be surpris'd, I mock her so:
And then I say, *vhat*, *vhen*, and *vhy*,
Like Mrs. Scott, so vulgarly;
For, all the while, she cannot tell
But that I'm really speaking well.
But Charles and Rose, they laugh'd outright,
When she was here the other night!

Indeed, my love!—I'm hurt to see
Your cruel trick of mimicry;
I fear you quite forget to do
The same as you'd be done unto;
And when infirmities are mock'd,
I must confess I'm really shock'd.
'Tis so unkind, it makes me fear
There's something bad at heart, my dear.
'Twould give me pain, I can't express,
To think it more than thoughtlessness.
Poor nurse!—you ought to recollect
Her age and kindness with respect;
And Mrs. Scott, when she was young,
Was never taught her mother-tongue,
As you have been,—and yet I know
She'd be too good to treat you so.
'Tis not too late, my dear, to mend,
Or else you'll never have a friend;
And t'would be paying dear for fun,
To be dislik'd by any one.
Perhaps, Sophia never heard
The fable of the Mocking Bird.

The Mocking Bird.*

THEY tell us that the mocking bird
Sings like the nightingale;
And in the summer nights is heard
In many a pleasant vale.

Yet, not contented with her song,
All other sounds she mocks;
Now growls, to drive the sheep along;
Now screams, to cheat the fox.

There's not a note in all the wood,
But she is sure to hit;
A raven's croak, in murky mood;
A cuckoo or tom-tit.

But (every mimic finds the same)
For all she was so witty,
A single friend she could not name;
She'd neither love nor pity!

* The mocking-bird is possessed, not only of its own natural notes, which are musical and solemn, but it can assume the tone of every other animal in the wood, from the wolf to the raven, and appears to sport itself with leading them astray.

At first she felt too light and vain,
To think or care about it;
But when in trouble and in pain,
'Twas sad to do without it.

For, once, a raven heard her try
To imitate his croaking,
And snapp'd her wing, in passing by,
To cure her of her joking.

Then many a bitter wail she made,
And call'd her friends to see;
But no one even turn'd his head,
For not a friend had she.

At length, she scrambled to her nest,
Half fainting with exertion;
And many a thing she sat and guess'd,
T' account for such desertion.

Poor wretched me, what have I done,
So innocent and merry?
I never rail'd at any one,
Nor wrong'd him of a berry!

Ah me!—my silly, silly wit,
Is why I'm thus forsaken;
I thought I was admir'd for it,
But how I was mistaken!

2.

THE FALSE ALARM.

WHAT dismal screams are those I hear?
Why, Sophy,—is there danger near?
  Mamma, I'm scratch'd—my frock is torn,
I've been entangled with a thorn;
In such a place!—you do not know,
The nasty thorns have prick'd me so!
  And am I put in this alarm,
Because a hoyden scratch'd her arm?
By such a loud and fearful scream,
I thought you'd fallen in the stream;
And tremble even now, with fear!—
You ought to be asham'd, my dear.
You know, you shriek'd the other day,
When Charles but pinch'd you in his play;
So that our neighbours kindly sent,
To learn the dreadful accident.
Come, dry your tears, and, when you're able,
Attend, and profit by a fable.

The Elephant and Fly.

THE roaring of an elephant was heard one summer day,
So loud and long, that every one was startled with dismay;
And all his friends assembled in the thickest of the wood,
To ask what was the matter, and to help him, if they cou'd.

Oh! sure, they cried, he has become the cruel hunter's spoil,
And now he roars indignantly within their artful toil;
Or has, at last, his callous hide receiv'd the dart,
Which floods some dreary cavern with the life blood from his heart?

Then fast they hurried onward, though they all wer fill'd with fear,
For every one had little doubt that danger must b *near;*

Yet not a single elephant would cowardly retreat,
Though fearful that a pitfall-wide would open
his feet.

Still would they not forsake their friend, but trott
thro' the wood,
O'er brake, and brier, and bog, and pool, as nimb
as they could;
But when, at last, they found him out, no hunte
could they see;
No pitfall had betray'd his steps, and not a wou
had he.

His eye was dim and sorrowful, his head was l
declin'd,
And, therefore, they conclude at once, there's son
thing on his mind;
And, with a look most pitiful, partaking of
grief,
Enquire if they can sooth him, or administer
lief.

Rejoic'd was he to see his friends, and said that t
should know
The cause he had for discontent, and why he
low'd so;

river's brink,
in my dream, I thought myse
down to drink;
at the very moment, as I panted
largest fly you ever saw awol
sting!

y stamp'd with indignation, an
burn'd with rage,
l every one seem'd half inclin'
wage;
feeling that beneath them, the
a sneer,
l vow'd they'd never mind him,

3.

THE SELF-CONCEITED LITTLE MAN.

If I were king, and I could rule,
I'd not go back again to school.
Mamma, I've read my books all through,
And now I must have something new;
I know them almost all by heart,
And think that's plenty, for my part.
Sometimes I make the scholars stare,
For I know more than any there.
To hear some read, you'd think 'twas Dutch,
And even master don't know much!
I only wish I might have gone
To Eaton school, with cousin John;
For here, as far as I can see,
There's nothing more that's fit for me.

Well, Edward, then I do suppose
Your education here must close,
Since you're beyond your master's reach,
And nothing's left for him to teach.
But, Edward,—if you did but know,
'Tis ignorance persuades you so!

The Partridge and her Yo

E corn was chang'd to yellow red,
: winds of autumn wav'd its head;
eld there was, where thick it stood
l shelter'd many a feather'd brood.

le round about the sky-lark sung,
artridge there had rear'd her youn

The eldest, stronger than the rest,
Was often straying from the nest;
For birds of spirit could not bear,
So much, he said, of mother's care.

He soon disdain'd, in self-conceit,
To ramble only in the wheat;
The field he knew at every turn,
And nothing fresh was left to learn.

He now should like to try the air,
And join the cheerful parties there;
He sure had strength enough to fly,
And wings to bear him thro' the sky.

He flaps them oft, and longs to find
His little brothers left behind;
And thinks within himself, that he
A monstrous clever bird must be!

One day, upon a rising ground,
With all the nestlings gather'd round,
He bade them see to what a height
He's able now to take a flight.

And then, a yard or two he flies,
Exciting wonder and surprise;
His little breast with triumph glows,
At every foot he higher goes.

At length, assisted by the breeze,
He's borne aloft above the trees,
With eager joy he struggles long,
And beats his pinions fast and strong.

The breeze is brisk, as brisk can be,—
But now it sinks, and so does he;
Now, round and round he flutters fast,
And tumbles over-head at last.

The others, who with wondering eyes,
Had watch'd their brother in the skies,
Now reach the place, where, almost dying,
He mourns his self-conceit in flying.

For my presumption, now you see
What sad misfortune's come on me;
Do you my pride and folly shun,
And be content awhile, to run.

O! do not even fly in play,
Until our mother says you may;
She would not keep us to the nest,
Unless she knew that it was best.

Tell her, I promise, if I live,
And she my folly will forgive,
To be content, and not to try,
Till she has taught me how to fly.

4.

A VAIN LITTLE GIRL.

MAMMA, I thought the other day,
'Twas strange Miss Audley did not play;
It seems to me a foolish thing,
She does not even learn to sing!
Dear me! how awkward she must feel;
She can't, you know, be thought genteel:
'Tis well enough for poor Miss Waters,
But not for better people's daughters.

My dear, I really blush to see
Your ignorance and vanity!
Miss Audley's father is a man
Who goes upon a better plan,
And seeks those lessons to impart,
That form the mind, and mend the heart.
To make her good, is his intent,
Without much show and ornament.
Indeed, I see myself, with pain,
It often makes young people vain;
And fonder of a little show,
Than all the things they ought to know:

But half as excellent as she;
And then, I should but little care,
To find you could not play an air.

The Grasshopper and the Silk

A GRASSHOPPER, so pert and vain,
To her companions would complain,
How ungenteel were they;
'Tis only she that sweetly sings

By far too busy in his shop,
To learn the fashionable hop;
Poor common, vulgar thing!

There's Spider, with his look of gloom,
Sits like a weaver at his loom,
With manners just as low;
Now, if he'd come and learn of me,
Soon all the fashion he should be,
And quite the garden beau.

Yet, do not say I love to rail,
For as to honest neighbour Snail,
I quite admire her knack;
For if she ever likes to roam,
Poor dear, instead of leaving home,
She brings it on her back!

Thus prated on, this pert Grasshopper,
Until a Silkworm deign'd to stop her,
And just left off to say:
So, madam, we then have no taste,
Because our lives we will not waste,
And throw our time away!

5.

ROSE IS LAZY.

Rose, for shame! what, just awake
y not your sister's walk partake?
's been, she says, a lovely way,
l looks so rosy and so gay!
r maid has call'd you, but I find,
did not care, and would not mind!

Besides, my dear, it is a crime
To waste a moment of our time.
But come, a lesson you shall hear,
From Shock and Doctor Chanticleer.

Shock and Doctor Chanticleer.

A LAP-DOG on a cushion lay,
And there he slumber'd all the day;
From early morn, 'till closing night,
To slumber there was his delight.
Yet, far from quiet rest was he;
He had one mortal enemy;
Hard by, a noisy dunghill cock,
Disturb'd the peace of pamper'd Shock.
If now he sinks to short repose,
He's soon awaken'd from his doze,
For Chanticleer, with sudden screams,
Disturbs his sleep, and spoils his dreams.
At length, his patience being gone,
He put a look of courage on:
And, though he felt the labour hard,
Resolv'd to travel to the yard,

To find his foe, and to protest,
He could not bear such broken rest.
But when he reach'd the garden gate,
Poor Shock was in a dismal state;
Another step he could not stir!
But met the friendly kitchen cur,
Who begg'd to know, from what disaster,
His cousin Shock could move no faster.

Poor cousin Shock with pain replied,
Alas! I thought I should have died!
I cannot tell you my complaint,
But constantly I'm sick and faint;
And feel so dreadfully oppress'd,
I fear there's water in my chest.

The cur had got a tender heart,
And in his sorrows took a part;
Some ugly symptoms made him fear
He needed Doctor Chanticleer:
One who, said he, has studied hard,
And lectures gratis in the yard;
Chief wrangler, once, at Barn-door college,
And fam'd for equal skill and knowledge.
He's moderate too,—I paid my fees
In broken bread and rinds of cheese.

What, Chanticleer! cried Shock,—not I,
There's nothing else I would not try;
But really, cousin, I'm too weak
To hear that barb'rous fellow speak;
Such nerves as mine, that scarce can bear
The whistle of a key-hole air,
Would suffer so, that he could never
Cure me, if he were twice as clever!
Indeed, I've ground for what I say,
'Tis he that scares my sleep away;
Till, every time I hear him crowing,
I feel as if my life were going.

Why I was once as bad as you,
Replied the cur, and weaker too;
By day or night I could not rest,
With just that fullness in my chest;
And now you'd not have seen me here,
Except for Doctor Chanticleer.
He seem'd to understand my case,
The moment that he saw my face;
And said, I was advancing far
In what they term a plethora.
Good living, and the kitchen air,
Are more, said he, than you can bear;
To-morrow, when you hear me crow,
About the time of morning glow,

You must not mind a little pain,
But rise, and hie you to the lane;
Then up the hill, and underneath
The shrubbery walk, to Rushmere-heath,
And where nine elms are in a ring,
You'll find, at last, a wholesome spring;
A water this, of wondrous power,
Drank fasting, at an early hour.

'Twas but a simple remedy,
And so I thought it wise to try;
And after once or twice attending,
I felt convinc'd that I was mending.
No longer dainty, I could eat
A crust of bread, as well as meat;
And now my looks are quite enough,
To recommend this Doctor's stuff.

Alas! cried Shock, my case is hard,
You see, I scarce can reach the yard;
And yet I think 'twould do me good
To taste the spring at Nine-elm wood.

Well, cried his kind, obliging friend,
To-morrow morning I'll attend,
And do as much as in me lies,
At early dawn, to make you rise.

He kept his word, and Shock and he
Went every morn in company.
'Tis true the air was keen ;—'tis true,
That underfoot 'twas wet with dew ;
That when his thirst he came to slake;
It was so cold it made him shake ;
And if his cousin had not laugh'd,
He might, perhaps, have left his draught ;
But finding soon that he was better,
He thought himself the Doctor's debtor ;
And, like a dog of sense and feeling,
Resolv'd to own his skill in healing;
To fee him handsomely, and dwell
Upon the wonders of his well.

The Doctor shook his head, and smil'd,
To see his patient so beguil'd:
My friend, he cried, I'm glad to hear
You've had the sense to persevere;
But that is no uncommon spring;
You wonder,—but 'tis no such thing.
The charm that in the water lies,
Is, that it gives you exercise ;
You owe the cure of your diseases,
To early hours, and morning breezes!

6.

CHARITY WITHOUT CHARITY.

MAMMA, I've spent my money now,
And need not fear to tell you how:
I am not like some girls and boys,
Who waste it all in cakes and toys;
No, no,—'tis different with me,
I've laid it out in charity.
As soon as aunt has heard about it,
She will not leave me long without it;
I'm very sure, she'll give me more
Than ever she has done before.

Sophy, is that the reason, pray,
That makes you love to give away?
If so, the action you have done
Is far from a praiseworthy one.
The Bible bids us give, and then
Not hope for any thing again:
'Tis good the poor to clothe and feed,
But such a motive spoils the deed;
And God, who understands your thought,
Sets all your goodness down for nought.
I think, to you may be applied
The fable of the Honey-guide.

The Honey-guide.*

COME, while a boasting bird
Spreads his own praise;
Like it was never heard,
Mark what he says.

When you, in forest wide,
Seek the sweet food,
I am your Honey-guide,
Through the thick wood.

Hunters, that follow me,
Watch for my cry;
After the Honey-bee
Always I fly.

* The Indicator, or Honey-guide, is a native of Africa
s received its name from the Dutch settlers, on accou
discovering wild-honey, which is its favourite foo
orning and evening are its times of feeding, when
rd calling, in a shrill tone, *cheer*, *cheer*, which th
s carefully attend to as a summons, and usuall
it with a small share of the spoil.

Where the real motive lies,
First let us see.

If you for man endure,
Labour and toil,
You have forgotten, sure,
Who shares the spoil.

And did not wish to say a word,
About the quarrelling you heard.

'Tis strange that children, when they meet,
Are so delighted with the treat,
And yet, can take such little care
In playing, to be kind and fair.
The proud command the rest about;
The fretful tease; the sulky pout;
The greedy scramble for the cake,
For fear the others should partake;
The passionate are quickly fir'd,
And then, they quarrel till they're tir'd!
The squabble that last night fell out,
Reminds me of Grimalkin's rout;
Which, as you both behav'd so well,
I'll now, for your amusement, tell.

Cats and Dogs.

'Twas on a moon-light, Grimalkin's rout
Display'd a fine set out;
For puss had thought it good,
Among the neighbourhood,
Her cards to send about;

And cat and dog of ton, that liv'd around,
Had each a card, and courteous welcome found.
Happy, happy how they fare!
None but the ton!
None but the ton!
None but the ton, that night, were there!

Grimalkin foremost shone,
With whiskers long and thin;
And softly purr'd at every one,
As cat or dog was usher'd in.
And now, together, in a social crowd,
Some whisper, some talk loud,
Of this cat's ermine fur;
The beauty of that cur,
Who holds his tail so proud:
Here puppies, mix'd with kittens, well agree,
Those bark *bons mots*,—these mew the repartee.
Sometimes they ey'd
Their friends aside;
Sir Sandy's waistcoat—Mrs. Tabby's spot:
Miss Sleek appears,—
What taper ears!
I wonder where that dainty skin she got!
See now they play,
And frisk away;

In a race,
How they chase,
In the dark,
Mew and bark;
And now, agree to sing a roundelay.
Soft in feline, canine measure,
Soon their hearts were sooth'd to pleasure;
Peace 'tween cat and dog they sung;
Ever broken, now renew'd;
The chorus through the great hall rung;
And loud by every cat was mew'd.
our Turnspits bark, the supper to announce,
nd scrambling in they all together bounce.
All is nice,
Birds and mice;
Each as he took,
Extoll'd the cook.
Madam will you
Just taste the larks?
The answer mew,
He gently barks:
Vit flies around, and compliments are paid;
nd peace and harmony the whole pervade.
The feasting part was nearly done,
When all seem'd less and less in fun;

grumbling noise begins to swell;
on the quarrel breaks outright;
Now they bite,
Scratch and fight;
Cats they squall'd;
Dogs were maul'd;
discord rose, which none can tell.
With tooth and claw,
With nail and paw,
They fierce assail:
Kittens squeak;
Puppies weak,
Scratch'd ears bewail.
e clam'rous yet the tumult grows;

Alarm'd, at length, the cook arose,
A kitchen broom she brandish'd round;
And down the stairs
Her vengeance bears,
On every cat and dog she found:
Her broad red arm, with muscles strong,
Dealt heavy blows among the throng;
In haste they fled;
Not one remain'd;
But silence reign'd;
And cook return'd in peace to bed.

This famous rout,
Thus turning out,
Produc'd a proverb sad and true;
For when 'tis found in private life,
That friend and friend, or man and wife,
Thus bark, and scold, and scratch, and mew,
'Tis said to be,
Like cat and dog, that they agree.

CHARLES WISHES FOR A LONG LIFE

Charles had been leaning on the church-y stile,
And looking at a new-made grave the while.
At length he spoke, tho' long he musing stood;
Mamma, I wish I'd been before the flood;
How fine, to live five hundred years or more,
Nor be an old man even at fourscore!

And why that wish, my love, his mother cried,
For even then, you know, you must have died;
And who can tell, but such a long delay,
Had made you less inclin'd to go away!
No, rather think, that if your death is near,
'Tis wise to be prepar'd at once, my dear;
And then, whene'er it come, you need to dread
That church-yard grave as little as your bed.
I think you'd like to hear a pretty fable,
About an oak;—I'll tell you, if I'm able.

The young Oak.

A SILLY young oak, as you'll presently hear,
One day, took upon him to say, with a sneer,
An acorn was I from a Druid's old tree,
How many long ages may I hope to see!

On you I shall mark the destruction of time,
Decaying with age, while I'm yet in my prime;
My limbs I shall spread, more majestic shall grow,
Whilst you and your children are all lying low.

And what, cries an Ash, if you throw your broad shade,
Where prone on the earth in decay I am laid?
You are mortal as we, and must wither and die,
Though not quite so soon, yet as surely, as I.

The green dress of summer no more shall you wear;
Your root shall be knotted; your boughs thin and bare;

u stand, it shall be but to cumber

9.

HIA COMPLAINS OF THE

vening, by the river's side we stray
swarming frogs their croaking chor
phy cried, this noise I can't endure,
I wish there

See that old frog, with little ones around,
You think her croaking has a dismal sound,
But there I'm sure my little girl is wrong;
I'll tell you now the meaning of her song.

The Frog's Song.

None, none are so happy as we are, my daughters:
How pleasant to sit by these cold flowing waters,
Or all day among the green rushes to hide,
Or under some mossy old stone to abide!

When the sun is gone down, and the stars are
come out,
Then, pleasant it is to be hopping about;
We sing merry songs, and we like our own tune,
And dance as we sing in the light of the moon!
None, none, are so happy as we are, my daughters,
For ours are the rushes, and ours the blue waters!

10.

THE MISTAKE.

MAMMA, there's Rachel making hay,
Altho' 'tis such a sultry day!
For my part, I can scarcely stir,
And how much worse it is for her,
All day beneath the burning sun;
It really ought not to be done.

'Tis proper, Sophy, to be sure,
To pity and relieve the poor;
But do not waste your pity here,
Work is not hard to her, my dear;
It makes her healthy, strong, and gay,
And is as pleasant as your play.
We've each our task; and they may boast
The happiest life, who do the most.
None need our pity half so much
As idlers,—always pity such.

The Lily of the Valley.

WRAPT up in her elegant stole,
A Lily, a delicate lady,
Sat under a green parasol,
Enjoying the covert so shady.

One morning, she said to the Bee,
Friend, really I cannot but wonder
Your labour incessant to see,
Without any shade to be under.

You know 'tis genteeler by far,
At home to be softly reposing,
'Till rises the evening star,
And to spend the broad daylight in dosing.

From morning till evening employ'd,
You have been hardly treated by nature!
By you, not an hour is enjoy'd!
O, what an unfortunate creature!

Said the Bee, you have nothing to do,
But let me assure you, Miss Lily,
To think none are happy but you,
Is really exceedingly silly.

---- you, with your green parasol,
And all your perfume, pretty neighbo

11.

SOPHIA IS DISOBEDIENT

Mamma, I wish so much to play
With Fanny Singleton, to-day:
She'll think it

So I half promis'd that I would
Go in the evening, if I could.
I'm certain that you need not mind,
She's so agreeable, and so kind.

Sophy, you have a naughty way
Of arguing, when you should obey;
My motive now, you may not see,
But dutiful you ought to be;
And should not think, a child like you
Can judge of what your parents do.
I have important reasons why
Your play with Fanny I deny;
I told you so, and yet you say
You've promis'd her to call to-day!
I'm really griev'd, my love, to find
That what *I* think you do not mind.

Indeed, mamma, I'm quite asham'd,
And know 'tis right that I am blam'd;
I did not think about it then,
But will not do the like again:
Forgive me now, and you shall see
How meek and dutiful I'll be.
Thus, Sophy to her mother cried,
And in a fable she replied.

rd with her daughter, as good
in the house, and the hall-door to
t to regard it, whoever might knock

e wolf, in those parts, was accu
prowl,
ad kept her awake all the nigh
howl;
this, little Miss turn'd away with a
id, to be sure, I shall keep the wolf

ime went her way, but returning ag
ted her daughter to put up the chai
ne, what a trouble, cried little Miss
'tis safest to do as one's bid.

14.

ALWAYS SPEAK TRUTH.

How beautiful is truth! and truth is given
To guide all hearts, because it comes from heaven:
The simple lesson of thy earliest youth,
Was to love God, and know that God is truth!
And he requires it, in our inmost part,
Not on our lips alone, but in the heart.
O! let the love of truth pervade your soul,
And every word and action still control;
Though wit the liar's language may adorn,
Yet from the book of life his name is torn.

The Travelled Parrots.

Two Parrots, young and poor,
Once went to take a tour,
And then return'd, their travels to rehearse;
Amid their native wood,
The feather'd audience stood,
Parrots, you know, are willing to converse.

: said, they saw a land
here birds had the command:
ıl'd both man and beast, and had fe
ıey fear'd no gun or cat,
ır all was tit for tat,
ys and girls were kept to sing in cag

e said, (and flapp'd his wing,)
parrot was the king,
ad a palace made of golden wires:
rime minister,—the owl;
/hile other noble fowl
high in office,—judges, lords, and '

At last, the other bird
Requested to be heard;
nd in the modest tone of truth and feeling,
Related to his neighbours
Their perils and their labours,
o stories adding, no distress concealing.

He said he had no notion,
A voyage across the ocean
'as so fatiguing, or so long would last;
He thought they must have died,
But that a ship they spied,
nd rested now and then upon the mast.

We staid a little while,
Upon a wooded isle,
'here worms and caterpillars were in season;
But as we could not find
One bird of Parrot-kind,
'e did not there continue, for that reason.

At last we reach'd a place,
Where throngs of Parrot-race
)on flock'd around to cheer our melancholy:
But in that foreign land
They could not understand
word we said; not even, *pretty Polly*.

The whole attentive throng
Approv'd the artless song,
And thank'd the traveller for his prett
While that poor boasting bird,
With ridicule was heard;
He found disgrace, in seeking his own

The Butterfly's Law-suit.

PRAY have you heard why the enrag'd Butterfly,
With the Dragon-fly is at war?
The dispute will, they say, be decided to-day,
In a solemn court of law.

Their rancorous hate is of ancient date,
And grows worse every day;
But now will the laws decide the cause,
In an equitable way.

The contest has brew'd a violent feud,
Throughout the insect race;
And a Bee is selected, and chief judge elected,
To hear and settle the case.

For fear of the weather, they all meet together
Within a hollow tree;
And there is a stone, to serve as a throne,
For my lord chief justice Bee.

, that his client, they all might rely
worthy of their applause.

aintiff in court, has always been th
:cel in feminine grace;
r only claim, is to bear her name,
ueen of the insect race.

bold Dragon-fly has refus'd to com
the title disputes with fury;
ave not a fear, how the case will ap
he gentlemen of the jury.

"Alas! 'tis true that I
Must bear you company:
ıe silly gard'ner plac'd us much too near.
Why boast you're *useful* found?
I hate the vulgar sound:
oes that, pray, make *gentility* appear?"

A Marigold replies,
"Why do you us despise?
nd wherefore make such boast, proud flow'r, we pray?
For are we not, like you,
Rob'd in a golden hue,
nd imitate the sun, with pointed ray?

"We own, the name you bear,
Does very grand appear:
ut when, at length, your splendid course is run,
With weeds you'll rot away,
And on some dung-heap lay,
Vhile all forget you're nam'd from the bright sun.

26.

CHARLES IS INATTENTIVE.

I WOULD your heart, my Charles, with goodness fill,
And in your mind each virtuous thought instil.
Why then neglectful of my tender care,
Nor longer strive your mother's love to share?
She who would keep your infant years secure,
And guard from ills which heedless boys endure;
Yet from my fond advice you turn away,
And fill your giddy thoughts with foolish play.
But come, that serious look much good portends,
I see, my boy and I once more are friends.
Well, I've a fable, made, I think, for you,
For the young Fawn is wild and careless too.
O! tell it me, mamma, and you shall see
I will so still and so attentive be.

The careless Fawn.

A HIND, that cropp'd the flow'ry lawn,
Had by her side a darling Fawn.

In him was center'd all her care,
For well she wish'd her child to rear;
To make him swifter than the wind—
To leave or horse or dog behind.
She daily tells of num'rous foes,
That chase the stag where'er he goes;
Or keepers fell; or, worse than they,
The blood-hounds fierce, and beasts of prey—
Of cruel man, that hunts him long,
And makes his death a jovial song.
Cautions like these she would instil,
To guard her child from every ill;
And chief forbade him not to stray
Beyond the park, where danger lay.
Yet for her son oft griev'd was she;
A wild and careless Fawn was he:
Yet seem'd he not to vice inclin'd,
His greatest fault, a vagrant mind.
And many a time, with tears, she strove
His thoughts to fix—his heart to move.
He hearken'd not to what she said,
But play'd with flies around his head;
Or chas'd the leaf along the ground,
Or for his tail skipp'd round and round.
Now such a Fawn, no wonder he
Should fall into bad company.—

And so it was—a Fox, vile knave!
A wicked bribe a poacher gave;
That he among the deer would get,
And silly Fawns tempt to his net.
This fawn, the Fox's cunning glance
Had mark'd, and meets, as if by chance;
And well he play'd the tempter's part,
His tricks soon gain'd the wild thing's heart
He tells of distant fields so fair,
Wonders his friend has not been there.
How could a lively Fawn endure
To be confin'd in park secure;
Where, of his age, could one be found,
That had not leap'd its highest bound.
Ah! in green meads we'll play awhile,
No snares can there our feet beguile.
Your mother has too much alarm,
For fear that you should come to harm;
But sure, I know as well as she,
Where dog or snare is like to be.
In darkest nights, I dare to roam,
And venture many a mile from home;
And nothing e'er obstructs my way,
Then, what have you to fear, I pray?
Thus, his discourse and wily tongue
Tempt the young fawn to what is wrong;

Oh! for a shady bower,
Or hollow of a tree;
Or her own ruin'd tower,
Where she at peace might be.

Now whither could she fly;
At last, she thought to hide
Close in a thick hedge nigh,
And there, 'till night, abide.

But soon there spread alarms,
The Owl she was abroad;
The birds are up in arms,
As if with one accord.

The Black-bird, Thrush, and Jay,
As strongest, head the rest;
But no small bird's away,
Or Swallow, or Red-breast.

And now are heard their cries;
The uproar now begins;
Each to insult her tries;
They flap her with their wings.

The Owl can see no foe:
Dizzy she turns her head;
And stooping bends her low,
With her broad wings outspread.

But nothing will avail,
She is but more their scorn;
Their malice does not fail,
But patiently is borne.

They whirl around her head,
The clamour grows more strong;
And as the hours fled,
More numerous was the throng.

The clouds of night appear,
The Owl springs from the fence;
They fly, all wild with fear,
Where's now their insolence?

Ah! they repent them sore,
That they have teas'd her so;
And promise never more
To insult a fallen foe.

She caught the foremost bird,
His struggles were in vain;
His distant cries were heard,
But none saw him again.

THE END.

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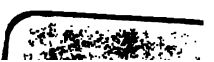
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